

My. Tunes and Motives

by

John Callaghan Hadden

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# THE QUIVER

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October, 1900



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## The Maker of Headville. New Serial Story. By M. BRADFORD WHITING.

In more senses than one, this story is off the beaten track, and will command special attention. The scene opens in a Westralian mining town, to which comes a wealthy Victorian settler, Jaffray by name. He meets with an accident, and is attended by Mark Waynflete, a young doctor who, having suffered disappointments and, disliking his profession, has thrown up his English prospects and migrated to Australia. During his illness, Jaffray tells the young doctor his story—a tale of early poverty, ending in worldly success as the builder of a Victorian town. His boasting repels Mark, while his complex personality fascinates him. He urges Mark to return with him, and after much hesitation the young doctor agrees, with the understanding that he is to act as Jaffray's secretary and teach his only daughter, Glyn, a lovely and engaging girl of about fifteen. Such is the foundation of a story which is full of freshness and power, both in incident and in delineation of character.

## Things that Happened on a Sunday.

Great events in the world's history have come to pass on the Day of Rest, many of them having a peculiar significance by reason of such a connection. The present paper is the result of long and patient original research, and therefore has a value all its own as a collective record of Sunday happenings of the first importance and interest.

## Thirza Harwood Decides. By HARRY DAVIES.

Who was Thirza Harwood? and what did she decide? These queries can only be satisfactorily answered by a perusal of the story itself, which is brief and to the point. We can answer for it that Thirza will attract the interest and sympathy of our readers in the very trying ordeal through which she is made to pass. As a sketch of country life and character this idyl will be much enjoyed, nor will its higher lessons be missed.

## Mothers' Meetings for Ladies. By MRS. ORMAN COOPER.

Mothers' meetings for the poorer parishioners are a familiar enough feature of church work, and most useful as a branch of spiritual and social effort. In this sphere Mrs. Orman Cooper is a recognized authority. The title of this paper, however, suggests an entirely new and somewhat bold idea, which, whatever may be said for or against it, is well worth the attention of the educated laity.

## The New Canon. By AGNES GIBERNE.

A complete story of cathedral life, which always has a strong fascination for the general reader. Miss Giberne has written this story—which is one of a series—in her own inimitable manner. The new Canon is not a mere ecclesiastic, but a living person, whose acquaintance the reader will be glad to make, if only on account of his rare unselfishness and self-effacement at a critical moment.

## The Missionary Martyrs of the Century.

There is a painful and yet a most triumphant significance in the word 'martyr,' which was never more keenly realized than at the present moment. The Rev. A. R. Buckland, M.A., Preacher at the famous Foundling Chapel, has written a powerful article on this subject, and to this contribution will be appended a very complete Roll of the Martyred Missionaries of the last hundred years, compiled from information specially supplied by all the great Foreign Missionary Societies of the country.

## In Praise of Autumn. By BARRINGTON MACGREGOR.

The novel and very beautiful presentment of this seasonable subject will be a pleasant surprise to our readers. The charming photographic reproductions in their settings of clear facsimile script are the work of the author, whose faculty for sympathetic description will at once be recognized.

All the usual attractive and useful features of this Magazine will be continued and reinforced, Christian Endeavor and Temperance Work, Bible Lessons (International Series), Sacred Music, Records of Missionary and Philanthropic Achievement, will have due place in the New Volume, which commences with the November, 1900, number.

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SPECIAL ATTENTION is called to the Contents of the NOVEMBER PART in another page of this Number (p. 1147), as all the Important Features of the next issue cannot well be enumerated in this space.—THE EDITOR.





"I will not be afraid."

"Thanks!" and they rode on again in silence.

Presently they were descending a gentle slope towards the railway. "One of your level crossings," Sara remarked, trying to be at her ease. "You have so many of them about here. What a pretty view! The autumn colouring is lovely."

Nobody at first was in sight. Then a girl, young and somewhat deformed, might be seen coming through the opposite gate. She walked heavily, holding by the hand a stout boy of five or six, who seemed to be strenuously resisting her pull.

"Come on—come on—don't lag so," she was saying, in a high-pitched voice. The words could be clearly heard. "We'll soon be home. I'm tired too. Make haste, there's a good boy."

She cast a glance up and down the line, so far as could be seen from where she stood, and started to cross. The boy allowed himself to be drawn across the first rail, and then plumped down upon the ground, actually sitting upon the second rail of the line farther away from Sara and Curtis. His feet were stuck out in front, and he broke into a dismal howl. When the girl tried her best to drag him up, he collapsed flat upon his back.

"Oh, look! They ought not to stay there," exclaimed Sara.

Blake, having his attention absorbed by his companion, had not till this moment noticed what was going on. "Hallo!" he said. "That won't do."

As he spoke the words he saw, and Sara saw, a train approaching, hidden from the girl by a curve in the iron road, but clearly visible to the riders.

Blake raised a shout. "Hallo! Get off that!" he called loudly, as he urged his horse nearer. "Hi! Hallo! Make haste!"

But the boy obstinately clung to the spot, and the girl gugged at his arm in vain.

Not yet did she see how near death was drawing to them both. And Sara had not instantly realised the imminence of their peril. At first she supposed the train to be upon the nearer line of rails. An abrupt change in Blake's tone opened her eyes.

"Stop here!" he said imperiously. "Sara! draw in!—stay where you are! Keep back, I order you."

Then as she flushed up, but instinctively obeyed with a pull at her reins, he spurred fiercely towards the gate, leaped from the saddle, tossed the reins over the post, and sprang upon the line.

Then Sara understood, and the blood rushed to her heart in a swirling tide, leaving her face colourless.

Time for thought seemed to be reduced to a minimum. Yet she did think, only not of herself. She had checked her steed's onward start, but the action was involuntary. Her whole attention was riveted on Blake. In one instant she knew, as by the revelation of a lightning-flash, that if he were slain her life would be void. Only a few months indeed had passed since first she met Blake Curtis! But existence without him—

He was bounding in strong leaps across the rails, shouting something which she could not translate into words. Evidently the girl understood, for with a shrill cry of terror she started aside, out of danger.

The train was tearing round the curve, awfully close at hand. A whistle sounded, and as Sara learnt afterwards, the engine was reversed. But the space between it and the boy was far too small for any hope of his escape.

Would Blake be in time? And if in time, could he possibly move that heavy child before the iron wheels overtook him? Was he to be crushed out of life, there, before her very eyes?

Sara did not scream. The tension was too great. The agony was too intense. Without knowing what she did, she let the reins fall upon the horse's neck—fortunately she rode a quiet animal—and held out both hands wildly.

"Oh, Blake!—Blake! Oh, God, have mercy!—save him!"

Her dazzled sight could make out nothing clearly. Yet without seeing she seemed to know what others saw, the extraordinary coolness and strength and dexterity with which he swept up the boy, and flung himself and his burden clear of the line. In time!—but only in time! As his feet touched the ground the train thundered past behind him.

"All right!" he called cheerfully, and he waved his handkerchief as a signal to Sara.

Then he dashed across, and reached Sara, to find her white as a sheet, panting and shuddering, with hands clasped together.

"Were you very much startled?" he asked.

As she slid helplessly from the saddle he caught her in his strong arms, and would have laid her on the ground, but she clung to him with the tenacity of a scared child. Yet though half-unconscious, though quite unaware of this vehement clutch, Sara was oddly awake to the fact that on his face no change of colour might be seen, no sign was visible to show that he had just had the narrowest possible escape from death.

"My darling," he said, and his lips were very near to the pale cheek; yet still he restrained himself. "My darling, were you so frightened?"

"Oh, Blake, I thought you would be killed!" she sobbed.

## HYMN TUNES WITH A HISTORY.



WRITING just fifty years ago, the Rev. W. H. Havergal declared that the distinctive character of the old Church tunes had even then "long been out of common recollection." The

statement was perhaps a trifle exaggerated—for there has never been a time when a certain proportion of the old tunes has not been in popular use.

Before proceeding to deal with individual specimens of these old-time hymn- and psalm-tunes it may be well, especially in view of our musical illustrations, to say a word or two about the early practice of assigning the melody to the tenor. The custom would appear to have arisen in Reformation times from a desire to render unisonous singing in the congregation more agreeable to lovers of harmony. The devout musician, leaving the melody to be sung with all simplicity and fulness, employed a few superior voices to encompass it with harmony, two parts being always added above the melody and one below. The practice survived as late as the close of the eighteenth century, when it is seen in Harrison's "Sacred Harmony," a work which was long the authority in Lancashire. Even when Webbe issued the third edition of this "Collection of Psalm Tunes"—a work first published in 1808—he speaks of having been "apprehensive that its circulation would be considerably impeded by deviating from the common, but absurd, usage in works of this kind of converting the melody into the tenor, and of employing only the treble or G clef for the three parts above the bass." The modern method

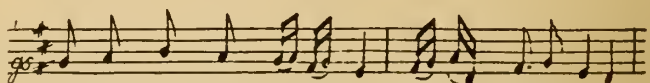
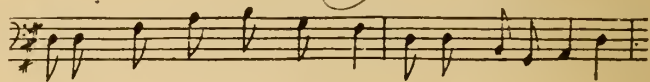
assumes that the singers shall be proportionately distributed among the various parts; the ancient method was based upon the conviction that the great majority of the people would sing the melody only, while the harmony was meant to afford scope for the attainments of the skilful few, and thus became merely a graceful appendage.

And now let us look at one or two of the old tunes. Suppose we begin with the Easter Hymn, "Jesus Christ is risen to-day," with its florid "Alleluias." The history of this stirring melody, which still holds

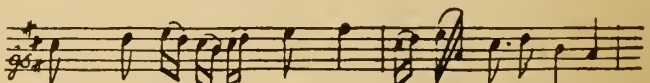
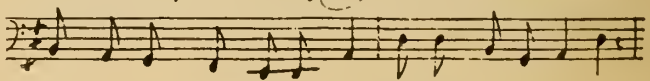
### *The Resurrection.*



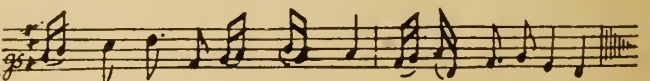
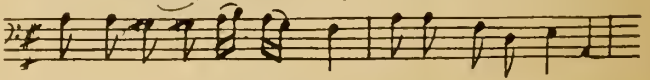
*Jesus Christ is Risen to Day Halle-Halleluiahs*



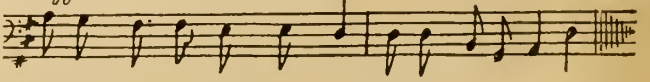
*Our triumphant Holiday Halle-Halleluiahs.*



*Who so lately on the Cross Halle-Halleluiahs*



*Suffer'd to redeem our loss Halle-Halleluiahs.*



FH Sculpoit



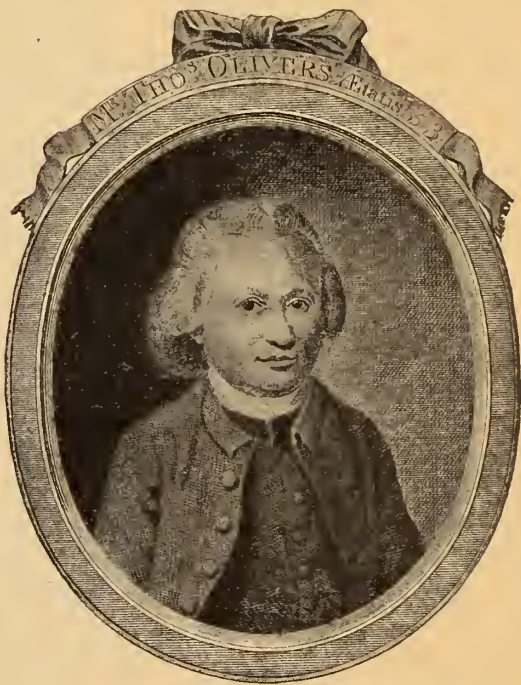
its own in spite of attempts to supersede it, has been, and continues to be, somewhat unfortunate. In Dibdin's "Standard Psalm Tune Book," published in 1852, we read of it: "Dr. Rimbault has seen this tune in the 'Lyra Davidica,' by Walsh, 1708, where the composition is ascribed to Henry Carey. A note in Callcott's 'Musical Grammar'—a work noticeable for its careful editorship—confirms the Doctor's statement. The common prefix of Worgan's name to the tune is therefore erroneous." Alas! yes. And so is the ascription of the tune to Carey! Whatever Rimbault may have seen, no composer's name is given in the "Lyra Davidica," nor is Carey mentioned at all. It is strange to note with what tenacity the name of Dr. Worgan has clung to this old melody. As a matter of fact, the tune appeared sixteen years before Worgan was born. How it ever came to be associated with his name has long been a puzzle to those who know the real facts of its history. The following is an exact reproduction of the tune as it was first printed in the "Lyra Davidica" of 1708.

The hymn, it may be added, is followed by "A Resurrection Dialogue" of ten stanzas to the same tune. It is much to be regretted that the name of the composer of so popular a melody cannot be ascertained, but it is really time that we had heard the last of Dr. Worgan's name in connection with it.

Another hymn-tune of a somewhat kindred character has also had a confused history. We refer to "Helmsley," so long associated with the Advent Hymn, "Lo! He comes, with clouds descending." Musicians rightly point to the somewhat boisterous style of this tune as a reason for supplanting it, but "Helmsley" keeps its place notwithstanding. It is certainly melodious, and it represents a part of the historical life of the Church, which must be allowed to count for something. And, after all, its vulgarity is, perhaps, to some extent imaginary; for the popular misconception of the tune's having been derived from a hornpipe melody leads the popular mind to see what it expects to see. At any rate, the notion is exceedingly unfair to the tune; for instead of "Helmsley" having been adapted from the hornpipe, the hornpipe was very likely adapted from "Helmsley"! The statement usually made is this: that "Helmsley" traces its origin to a hornpipe danced by Miss Catley in *The Golden Pippin*, produced at Covent Garden in 1773. Now this is very easily disposed of, because

"Helmsley" was published by John Wesley in 1765, under the name of "Olivers," thus preceding *The Golden Pippin* by eight years. The tune, according to a tradition among musical Wesleyans, was the composition of Thomas Olivers, one of John Wesley's traveling preachers; and as it bears his name in a collection issued by Wesley himself while Olivers was alive, there is no reason to doubt the tradition.

The tune, it may just be added, was first called "Helmsley" in the Lock Hospital collection of 1769, published by Madan, the chaplain of that institution, who was a cousin of William Cowper. As usually harmonised it is somewhat weak, but under the clever hands of the late



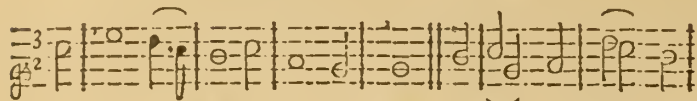
THOMAS OLIVERS.

Henry Smart (see his "Choral Book") it is transformed into a stirring and dignified melody. There is another fine arrangement in Hugo Pierson's little-known oratorio, *Jerusalem*.

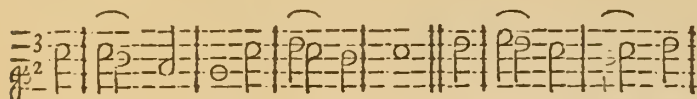
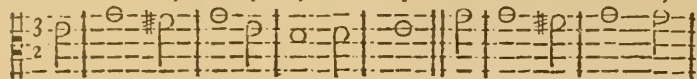
In the ever-popular "Wareham" we have a fine old tune, constructed, with one exception, from consecutive notes of the scale. The composer of "Wareham," William Knapp, was born at the little Dorsetshire town from which the tune takes its name. One of the editions of

his "Sacred Harmony" contains a steel portrait of the composer, with the inscription—appears for the first time in Knapp's

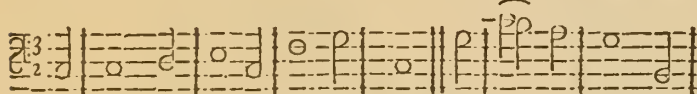
**Wareham Tune. PSALM XXXVI, Verses 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10. For the HOLY SACRAMENT.**



But, Lord, thy Mercy, my sure Hope, a—bove the heav'n-ly



But, Lord, thy Mercy, my sure Hope, a—bove the heav'n-ly



- 6 Thy Justice like the Hills remains, unfathom'd Depths thy Judgments are :  
Thy Providence the World sustains, the whole Creation is thy Care.  
7 Since of thy Goodness all partake, with what Assurance should the Just  
Thy shek'ring Wings, their Refuge make, and Saints to thy Protection trust !

Continued.

FROM KNAPP'S "SETT OF NEW PSALMS, TUNES, AND ANTHEMS."

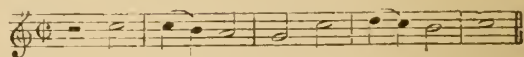
(The tune is in the third line.)

tion, "Guil. Knapp, ætat. 54, A.D. 1753." He was therefore born in 1698 or 1699. Very little seems to be known regarding him. He is said to have been organist of one of the Wareham churches, but the statement wants confirmation. What is known with certainty is that he settled at the neighbouring town of Poole, and was parish clerk of St. James's Church there for a period of thirty-nine years. He died in 1768, and was buried at Poole, "somewhere near the old town wall," according to one of his descendants now (or recently) living in Manchester. There is a curious reference to him in a pamphlet published in 1743 by "a land waiter in the Port of Poole." The writer prays to be delivered from certain terrible things—"From Pope and Swift, and such-like men, and Cibber's annual lay"; from doctors' bills and lawyers' fees, and so on—

"And what is ten times worse than these:  
George Savage and Will Knapp."

Savage was sexton of the parish, which explains the uncomplimentary reference to him; in Knapp's case the matter is not so plain. But as to "Wareham." The tune

in four parts, on various occasions," 1738. It is wedded to Psalm xxxvi., "for ye holy sacrament," is in key C, and, like all the tunes of its time, has the melody in the tenor. In 1754 Knapp published another collection under the title of "New Church Melody." Here "Wareham" reappears as "Blandford," and in common time. It is now set to "Psalm 139th, New Ver., A 4 voc.," and over the music we have this direction: "The above and ye following tune are set in the two natural keys, viz.: one the natural  $\sharp$  key, and C fa ut the natural  $\natural$  key, and when sung, to be repeated every line." The first line of "Blandford" will give an idea of the transformation :

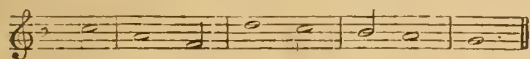


The melody is slightly altered, and the harmonies are entirely different.

"Bedford" is another of our old tunes which takes its name from the place of residence of its composer. William Weale—or as his name is sometimes given, Wheall—graduated Mus. Bac. at Cambridge, in 1719, and that is the first we hear of him. He was organist of St. Paul's Church, Bedford, and probably received that appointment when the organ was erected there by Gerard Schmidt in 1715. Weale is generally represented as having died in 1745, but a recent examination of the burial records of St. Paul's, Bedford, shows that he died in September, 1727. It seems to be impossible to fix the date of the first appearance of "Bedford." It is more than probable that the tune was printed during the lifetime of its composer, but the most industrious antiquaries can find no notice of it until it appears in the "Psalm Singer's Companion" of 1729. It has a place in Michael Broom's "Choice Collection of Psalm Tunes," published



at Isleworth, Middlesex, about 1731, where it is assigned to "W. Weale, organist of Bedford, B. of M." Again, in Matthew Wilkins' "Book of Psalmody," published also about 1731, it appears with certain quaint syncopations, which have now, of course, entirely disappeared. Here is the first line in this version:



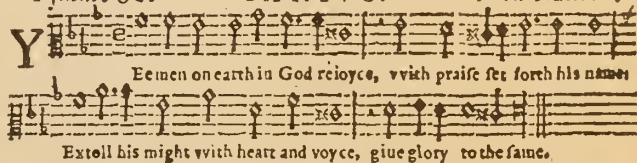
There is a similar syncopation at the close of every line; in the original version these syncopations occur only in the second and fourth lines. "Bedford," it need hardly be said, has been tinkered like every other old melody. The harmonies have been altered very freely; but this is a small matter compared with the change which is sometimes made from triple to quadruple time. It is matter for regret that the editors of "Hymns Ancient and Modern" have perpetuated the common-time version; there is no authority whatever for it, any more than for the extra passing note which is invariably added in the penultimate bar of the melody. It is interesting to note that Weale's tune was played hourly by the chimes of St. Paul's, Bedford, from the middle of last century until the bells were taken down some years ago for repair of the tower.

And that reminds us of another of our favourite old tunes. Next to the Old Hundredth, "York" was once the most popular Church tune in England. Sir John Hawkins, writing in 1776, said of it: "Within memory half the nurses of England were used to sing it by way of lullaby, and the chimes of many country churches have played it six or eight times in four-and-twenty hours from time immemorial." The tune appears first in the Scottish Psalter of 1615, where it bears the curious name of "The Stilt." Some ingenious individual suggests that this name may have been given to it from the peculiar stilt-like progression of the intervals in the opening line! When Ravenscroft printed it in his "Whole Booke of Psalmes," 1621, he expressed an opinion that it was "a northern tune," yet it was he who called it "York." There is a general belief that the tune was the com-

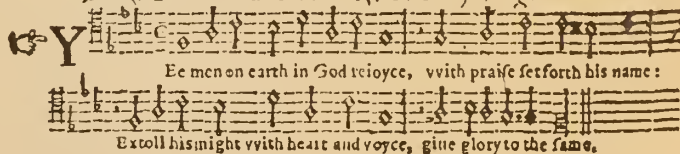
position of John Milton, the father of the poet; but all that Milton did was to "compose it into four parts"—that is, harmonise it—for Ravenscroft. It is a pity that we cannot ascribe the melody to Milton, for he is remembered specially on account of his faculty for music, and his abilities in that direction are celebrated by his son in a Latin poem. He had an organ and other instruments in his house, and much of his spare time was given to musical study and recreation. The tune "York" is, however, presumably of Scottish origin, since it appeared for the first time in an Edinburgh psalter. We have thought it more interesting in this case to give it as it stands in Ravenscroft, for the sake of Milton's harmonies. These harmonies, it need hardly be added, have not always been respected by editors.

The last tune that we shall have space to deal with is the venerable "Tallis's Canon," so long associated with Ken's "All praise to Thee, my God, this night." About the year 1557, during his exile, Archbishop Parker completed his versification of the Psalms. Some three years afterwards the volume was printed, but it was never actually published, and only four or five copies are known to be in existence. It is a fortunate circumstance that the work has survived at all, inasmuch as from it we get not only the "Canon," but also the fine old common-metre tune known

*Psalme 66. CANTVS. Iohn Milton.*



*Yorke Tune. TENOR, or Playnsong.*



FROM RAVENSCROFT'S "THE WHOLE BOOK OF PSALMS WITH TUNES."

generally as "Tallis's Ordinal." There were in all nine tunes in the Parker Psalter, one in each of the eight modes, and a tune for the "Veni Creator," all by Tallis. The composer thus quaintly characterises the eight:



## "THE NATURE OF THE EYGH TUNES.

- "1. The first is meeke : devout to see,
- 2 The second sad : in majesty.
3. The third doth rage : and roughly brayth,
4. The fourth doth fawne : and flattery playth,



THOMAS TALLIS.

5. The fifth delighth : and laugheth the more,
6. The sixt bewayleth : it weepeth full sore,
7. The seventh tredeth stoute : in froward race,
8. The eighte goeth milde : in modest pace."

"The Tenor of these partes be for the people when they will syng alone, the other partes put for the greater queers [choirs], or to suche as will syng or play them privately."

The "milde eighte" is the tune which afterwards became known as "Tallis' Canon." It will be seen that the original is twice as long as the present form, each section being repeated before proceeding to the next. Moreover, the tenor leads in the canon, whereas now the soprano leads. It was Ravenscroft who reduced the tune to its present dimensions, when he set it to "A Psalme before Morning Prayer," in his collection of 1621. After that, it soon became shockingly corrupted: the melody was altered, the canon was omitted, and passing notes *ad nauseam* were introduced. It was called "Brentwood," "Evening Hymn," "Magdalen," "Suffolk," and one knows not what else; and, as Dr. Rimbault once said, hardly could it be recognised in its unredeemed vulgarity. Happily we have long since got back to nearly the original form of the tune, and now there is a little chance of its being mangled as there is of the fine old hymn to which it is sung being "edited."

J. CUTHBERT HADDEN.

260 *A Psalme before Morning Prayer. CANTVS. T. Tallis.*

Cannon 2. parts in one.

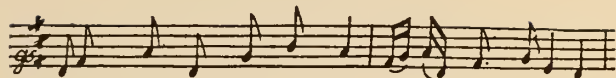
**P** *Raise the Lord O ye Gentils all, vvhich hath brought you into his*  
*light: O praise him all people mortall, as it is most vvorthe and right.*

*TENOR, or Playnsong.*

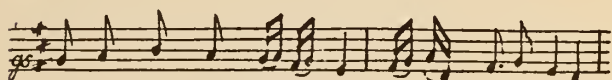
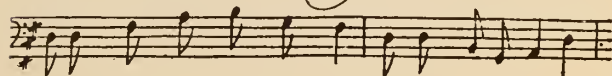
**T** *Raise the Lord O ye Gentiles all, vvhich hath brought you into his*  
*light: O praise him all people mortall, as it is most vvorthe and right.*  
*For he is full determined, And the Lords truth be ye assured,*  
*on vs to poure out his mercy: abideth perpetually.*

"A PSALME BEFORE MORNING PRAYER."

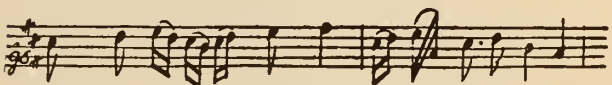
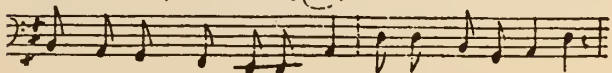
## *The Resurrection.*



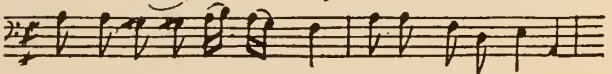
*Jesus Christ is Risen to-day Halle-Halleluiah*



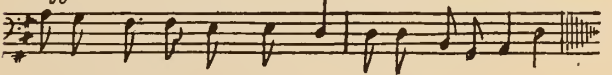
*Our triumphant Holiday Halle-Halleluiah.*



*Who so lately on the Cross Halle-Halleluiah*



*Suffered to redeem our loss Halle Halleluiah.*



**FH** *Sculpsit*

